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## FAIMALI THE LION-TAMER.

The subjugation of the great carnivora has always been one of the ambitions of man, as the last proof of his dominion over the brute creation. Nor is the modern lion-tamer without a royal prototype in his perilous career, if we may trust the story that Sardanapalus on one occasion asserted his authority over the monarch of the desert as successfully as over his human subjects. The beast-tamers of classical antiquity were generally Africans; but the first to rise to eminence in more recent times was a Dutchman of the name of Martin, an ex-sailor, a man of small stature, but firmly knit, who made a sensation in Paris in a piece called *The Lions of Mysore*. The great interest of these dramas is the narrowness of the line dividing the fictitious from the real tragedy, and the ever-present possibility of a terrible *dénouement*, occasionally realised. Such a catastrophe was enacted in presence of a London audience, when Van Amburgh's daughter, the unfortunate Lion Queen, was torn to pieces by an animal with which she was performing at the Alhambra. The Hippodrome of Paris witnessed a similar spectacle in the death of the Spaniard Lucas, who had the rashness to go into the lions' cage when excited by drink, and expiated his imprudence with his life. A lad of eighteen ventured into the inclosure and brought out his mangled remains; he was decorated by the Emperor, but lost his reason from the mental strain of the moment. Charles the lion-tamer, on the other hand, commonly reported as a victim of his art, died peacefully of consumption, the disease to which, strange to say, the greater number of those who follow this profession succumb.

It is a way of life which, despite its terrors, has a strange fascination for those endowed by nature with the exceptional organisation required for it; while it seems to have as great a fascination for the thousands who frequent 'wild-beast shows' for the purpose of witnessing the animals 'put through their performances.' The

adventures are narrated in an amusing little volume by Signor Paolo Mantegazza, who professes to have heard them from his own lips.

Faimali was the youngest of nine children, and was born at Groparello, a village in the province of Piacenza, on August 25, 1826, of honest peasant-folk. At a very early age he developed a passion for travel and adventure, which made the monotony of rural life intolerable. Some sense of duty, some feeling of filial attachment, struggled for a while with the restless spirit within him, and he plodded on through the same round of daily tasks, bounded by the same horizon, until the attraction of the vague possibilities that lay beyond, became irresistible to his childish imagination. He was but nine years old when the dream-world of the strange unknown drew him out of his real life to seek it somehow; and with six francs in his pocket, he left his home, and presented himself, a small wayfarer, to the syndic of Groparello to demand a passport for France. The syndic treated the request as a joke, and playfully threatened to send the applicant to the galleys, whereupon the boy replied that thieves were sent to the galleys, but that he was an honest fellow, and wanted a passport. When the syndic still refused to consider the matter seriously, Faimali declared that he would make a passport for himself; and with this defiance started on his travels.

He took the way of Piedmont, passing through Bobbio to Alessandria, and so, by the long defiles of the Val d'Aosta, up to the everlasting snows of the Great St Bernard; then down the Alpine steep to the valley of the Rhone, and across Switzerland to Basle. Travelling always on foot, sleeping in barns, under trees, or beside hayricks, his six francs, little by little, were spent in buying bread alone, and eked out when possible by chance jobs for travellers. From Basle he followed the course of the Rhine to the French frontier, and here, for the first time, the want of a passport created a difficulty. But a piteous tale of a father who had gone on with a caravan of wagons, leaving the little laggard to follow as best

he could, softened the hearts of the gendarmes, and they relaxed their official vigilance for once in favour of so small a transgressor. His goal was reached; he was in France, and Colmar, his first halting-place in that mysterious land of promise, happened to be at the time in high carnival. The crowded market-place was lined with booths and tents, outside of which, gaudy placards in many colours represented the wonders to be seen within. Wayworn, lean, and ragged, the little pilgrim lurked near the canvas pavilion of the great circus, hearing from inside, sounds of music, and occasional bursts of applause from the audience.

The boy's resolution was taken; he asked to see M. Didier, the proprietor of the circus, and offered him his services as stable-boy or in any other capacity. The circus-master scrutinised him narrowly, saw something of promise, despite rags and starvation, in his sinewy frame and bold bright eye, and accepted him as a member of his troupe. Faimali's rise was rapid; for, having been promoted at the end of two months from a drudge to a performer, he distinguished himself by his agility in throwing somersaults on bare-backed horses; and during five years, in which he travelled through Austria, Poland, Germany, and France, his salary was gradually increased from zero to five hundred francs a month. He was fifteen when he surprised his employer, M. Didier, with a proposal to introduce a new artist into his company, whose unrivalled feats, he declared, would double the receipts of the establishment, but whose name and identity he refused to reveal until he appeared before the audience. The curiosity of the public was stimulated by extensive advertisements of the anonymous performer; but the mystery was cleared up when a Newfoundland dog, ridden by an ape, advanced into the arena. These animals the boy had secretly trained by night to personate a circus-steed and his rider; which they did with such success as to encourage their owner to set up as a showman on his own account.

He parted from M. Didier, and received considerable salaries for the performance of his four-footed actors at the principal theatres of Cracow, Warsaw, and Copenhagen. But the public favour shown to the little troupe drew down on them the Nemesis of overmuch prosperity, and Faimali's trained monkey died of poison, administered by an envious rival of his master's fame. But with the produce of his exhibitions, he was able to supply himself with a fresh stock of performers, and to purchase in Hamburg, for three thousand francs, two wolves, two hyenas, and fourteen monkeys. For this extensive collection, some mode of transport was required; so, with a pair of old wheels and a few loose planks, the indefatigable proprietor constructed a rude van, purchasing for a small sum a broken-down ass, to draw the vehicle. The wretched animal, however, proving unequal to the task, our hero did not

disdain to go in double harness with it, and biped and quadruped divided the labour between them. After travelling thus through some country towns and villages, earning enough to pay for the food of the troupe, they were nearing Bremen, in their usual fashion, when a gentleman passing in his carriage, pulled up at sight of this singular team, and hailed the human half of it. He cross-examined Faimali as to his motive for leading such a life, warned him that he would kill himself if he persevered, recommended him to sell half his four-footed comrades in preference; and when the sturdy vagrant declared his determination not to part with one of them, finally wrote an order on a merchant in the town, which, on being presented, produced a strong draught-horse.

Faimali was now well started in his career; and the proceeds of his performances in Bremen enabled him to gratify a fresh ambition. For the sum of three thousand francs, he became the happy possessor of a brace of panthers; and though ignorant of the way of dealing with his new acquisitions, he boldly entered their cage, and acquired immediate ascendancy over them by his undaunted spirit. A lion and lioness were the next additions to his company, and proved at first equally tractable; but during a performance at Rotterdam, the lioness, suddenly taking umbrage at the noise and lights of the theatre, turned upon him, and fastened on the calf of his leg. Without betraying the mischance by the movement of a muscle, he quietly retired for a few moments, to change his damaged garments, and returned to continue the performance before the audience were conscious of any unusual interruption. It was Faimali's principle never to leave a rebellious animal finally victorious, however dearly he might have to earn his triumph over it.

In Brussels, he came into collision with a rival artist, a German of the name of Schmidt, and emulation urged each to redouble his efforts to monopolise public favour. Faimali was determined to come off victor in the contest, and announced that he would enter the cage of an old lion which had never been tamed, and was kept in his menagerie only for the sake of its shaggy mane and lordly proportions. In presence of an overflowing audience, assembled to witness the feat, he presented himself in the creature's den, having taken only the precaution of having it chained up previously. No sooner, however, did the lion note the appearance of an intruder on its premises, than it snapped the chain and rushed on him in fury. Horror seized the spectators, some of whom fled terror-stricken from the sight of the impending catastrophe, while others shouted: 'Enough! enough!' thinking the showman had given sufficient proof of his daring. But it was no such easy matter for him to leave the cage, as the lion intercepted his passage to the door; and it was only by the use of the heavy whip, and the exercise of his own catlike agility of movement, that he was able to elude the clutches of the beast and retreat unharmed. Thunders of applause ensued, but he was far from satisfied with the part he had played, and was determined to conquer or die. Having had the lion secured with a fresh chain, he again entered the cage, and not only confronted it, but leaped astride

on its back, and subdued its resistance by the iron grip of his knees. The nervous strain of this contest produced, however, a curious physical effect—the loss of his hair, which had before been particularly thick and abundant. The result as regarded his rival was conclusive; he not only left Brussels immediately, but fled before Faimali whenever he appeared on his track.

The next noteworthy adventure of our hero was a lion-hunting expedition to Africa, to replace some of his animals carried off by an epidemic. He was about six or seven and twenty when he started on this enterprise, making Algeria his base of operations, and securing from the French authorities the services of a gang of thirty desperadoes and outlaws, for the moderate payment of twenty-five centimes a day per head. In his wanderings in the Sahara, he was captured by a tribe of nomad Arabs and taken before their chief. In the course of Faimali's cross-examination by the latter, it transpired that he had been in Verdun; and the Arab immediately questioned him as to a certain white-haired man who kept a tavern in the market-place at that town. When it appeared that Faimali was on intimate terms with this worthy, and had often lodged in his house, the *soi-disant* Arab threw himself into his arms, declaring himself the son of the Verdun vintner; being, in point of fact, nothing more or less than a French deserter. He proved a valuable friend in the desert, not only giving his captive hospitable entertainment and a present of a pair of lions, but also furnishing him with a passport to secure the amity of other tribes.

Faimali, in a seven months' campaign, captured twenty-six lions, which were taken in pitfalls covered with loose boards, and baited with a live goat or gazelle. One night, an old lion was seen to fall in; but after one loud roar, there succeeded a dead silence, bewildering to the hunters, who thought their prisoner must have escaped. On reconnoitring carefully, however, he was found stone-dead in the trap, having doubtless received some fatal injury in the fall; but the Arabs explained the occurrence as a voluntary suicide, declaring that in grief and shame at being captured, he had dashed his head against the walls. Two of the native hunters were killed—one by incautiously crossing the line of fire of his employer's gun; the other, by approaching and setting his foot on a lion which had apparently succumbed to its wounds, but which had vitality enough left to seize and carry him off to the thicket, where no trace of either could be discovered.

Faimali on his return to Europe turned his desert experiences to account, by representing a piece in which, with appropriate scenery of palm-trees and yellow sands, he played the part of an Arab hunter giving chase to a couple of panthers. After the mimic death of one, he finished by rolling and flinging her apparently dead carcase about the stage; but on one occasion, slightly miscalculating the distance, he threw the beast upon one of his subordinates, and had a sharp tussle before, by the expedient of enveloping the animal in a blanket, he was able to detach it from the panic-stricken assistant.

But the most terrible of all his battles was fought on the 7th April 1863, when playing with a tiger at Bethune. One of the audience had the

imprudence to fling a piece of meat into the cage, and though the performer dexterously pushed it aside with his foot, it was too late, as the brute had smelt it and become unmanageable. Flinging itself on him with a savage growl, it tore off part of his scalp in the first onset; and though he wrestled with it, and succeeded in throwing it back, it came on again more furious than ever. A desperate alternative suggested itself to him—to present his left arm to its fangs, while with all his force he dealt it such a blow with the heavy whip in his right hand, as partially to stupefy and compel it to loose its hold. With wonderful presence of mind he escaped from the cage, and endured a thirty-five days' illness before the wounds healed. Yet, before he was recovered, still disabled, and with his arm in a sling, Faimali entered the tiger's cage again, and stood gazing at it with folded arms, as it prepared to spring on him. 'Here I am,' he said; 'devour me, if you like!' But his demeanour cowed the savage creature, and instead of attacking him, it crouched at his feet. In Amsterdam, shortly after, at the request of the king, he entered the cages of all the beasts at the Zoological Gardens, and appeared as much at home with them as with those of his own collection, receiving two thousand francs for this exhibition of his powers. A tragical circumstance occurred here, which caused him much self-reproach. A young man of eighteen, the son of the Director of the Zoological Gardens, importuned him so earnestly to let him enter the tiger's cage by himself, that he consented, first taking the precaution of experimenting on his nerves by accompanying him in a preliminary visit, and feeling his pulse when he came out. But the unhappy lad paid dearly for his ambition, for on venturing alone into the tiger's lair during the evening performance, and being greeted with a sullen growl by its inmate, he dropped instantaneously, and was taken out lifeless, the sudden shock having proved too much for his nervous system.

During his travels in his native country, Faimali was seen and admired by Victor Emmanuel, who presented him with several animals, and among others, with a fierce lioness, on condition of his promising never to enter her cage. Faimali gave his word, but broke it immediately, unable to resist the temptation of taming by kindness a creature whose disposition he believed to have been soured by harsh treatment. Knowing the king to have left Florence, and unaware that he had only gone to San Rossore, he advertised a performance in which he would appear with this untamable beast; but what was his dismay to see the royal party in plain clothes among the audience! He vainly remained in hiding behind the scenes after the exhibition was over, for the king sent him word he would not leave without seeing him; and crestfallen and guilty, he had to appear. Victor Emmanuel was seriously displeased, reproaching him with having broken his word; but eventually forgave him when Faimali explained that beasts, like men, were spoiled by over-severity; and the interview ended in the king's declaring him prince of lion-tamers.

It would be tedious to narrate all the hair-breadth escapes and perilous encounters of this modern gladiator, who bears the scars of battle all over his body. Having married, in 1872, a

fellow-countrywoman Signora Albertina Parenti, her persuasions induced him to retire into private life at the end of two years. He settled on a farm he had purchased at Pontenure, near Piacenza, when Signor Mantegazza published his book in 1879—though not without some yearnings after the perils and excitements of his former career.

Faimali declares that there is no empirical recipe for beast-taming, and that the great secret is, to fear nothing. No doubt, it is to a great extent a matter of nervous organisation; but the animals are probably also subdued by deprivation of sleep, not food, and by the administration of lowering drugs. And herein, in our opinion, constitutes the difference between the sportsman who boldly faces his carnivorous opponent in its native haunts, and him who seeks to further subjugate an already half-broken-in animal. It seems that the hyena is the least intelligent and most irreclaimable of all the carnivora; the leopard, the most affectionate and tractable; while the Cape lion is in this respect superior to his congener of the Sahara and Senegal. Individuals of the same species, however, show great differences in disposition. The lion is most easily tamed between three and four years old, while his character is, so to speak, in process of development. The young lion retains his infantine sportiveness, enjoying a game of romps or a roll on the floor up to six years old, but after that age becomes serious and saturnine.

Care as to ventilation and cleanliness is much required for the health of the animals, which are more liable to suffer from heat than from cold. The lion refuses mutton, goats' flesh, cat and dog, prefers veal and beef, but will accept fowl, rabbit, and horse. The tiger, wolf, and hyena are less fastidious, and the last prefers its meat 'high.' The black bear eats bread, meat, and fruit, and can fast for a week without inconvenience. All the great carnivora have a passion for milk.

Though the wild animals will breed pretty freely in captivity, Faimali's experience was that the young are never vigorous or healthy; and of eighty lion-whelps born in his menagerie, we are surprised to learn that not one survived its third or fourth year. In most of the feline tribe, the maternal instinct requires to be assisted by a curious precaution—the total exclusion of light from the mother and her cubs during the first nine or ten days of their existence; otherwise, these fierce matrons would reverse the order of nature, by devouring instead of nourishing their offspring.

According to the authority quoted, an adult tiger is the most expensive of the carnivora, costing six thousand francs; but as much, or more, may be given for a chimpanzee. The lion costs an equal sum; but the lioness may be had for from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred francs. The price of jaguars varies from one thousand to two thousand francs; that of Java panthers, from two thousand to three thousand; and of lynxes, from six hundred to eight hundred; while leopards are sold for twelve hundred francs the pair. Wolves may be had at a very much cheaper rate; and hyenas from sixty to one hundred francs; but in Africa, the latter may sometimes be purchased as low as a franc.

Thus it seems that even the wild beasts of the forest are subject to the laws of regular commerce, and have their tariff—subject of course to fluctuations—with other objects of luxury, in the markets of the civilised world.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SILAS IS BAFFLED.

AGAIN at *Budgers's Hotel*, in the stony retirement of steep and narrow Jane Seymour Street, Strand, hard by the leaden-coloured Thames. Chinese Jack, jaunty in his shore-going clothes, as becomes the thriving merchant skipper, for a while out of employ, but with savings enough to justify a prolonged holiday, which landlady and waiters, boots and chambermaid, still firmly believe their freehanded captain to be, sits in his private parlour on the first floor, smoking the never-failing cigarette. He is not alone. On the opposite side of the steadily burning fire, for it is damp and raw and cold, now, on that autumn day, in that waterside neighbourhood, sits Silas Melville, virtual head of the Private Inquiry Office of which his foreign partner is the nominal chief. The American has an uneasy look, and fidgets restlessly in his chair, as if there were something irritating to his nervous temperament in the stoical composure of Chinese Jack, and in the sickly odour of his opium-flavoured cigarettes.

'And so,' said the tenant of Mrs Budgers's best apartments, after an interval of silence, 'and so you worked the oracle, Silas, and found it wouldn't work?'

The American winced as a satin-skinned horse winces under a sharp and unexpected cut of the whip. 'No man can command success, or insure it,' he said peevishly.

'Why, no,' answered the former associate of mandarins, with provoking coolness, as he watched the thin blue spiral of smoke that curled upwards from between his lips. 'An old-country poet of the last century put the same sentiment, rather neatly, into verse. You forget, though, old hoss, that you have, as yet, been talking riddles to me.'

'The whole affair,' returned Silas earnestly, 'has been a riddle to me. You remember, Jack, how sanguine I was, and how interested, apart from any mere question of dollars, I felt in the case, most unusual to me, who, naturally, get used to regard all such transactions according to the debit and credit sides of the ledger. But, out in Massachusetts, where I was raised, we have got a feeling still, that right is white, and wrong is black, we have, I kinder reckon.'

'Soon rubs off, that sort of feeling, like the thin crust of silver from a cheap spoon, don't it, comrade?' said Chinese Jack, as he lit another of his cigarettes. 'But you were always, in the Far West, of a high-faluting turn, yet as sharp as any chicken-killing skunk that hangs about a settlement, where there was a red cent to be earned. But let us get at the truth of the thing. You were sure of getting good, reliable evidence, such as can be sifted in a court of justice, against the Bruton Street girl, and now you find that it won't wash.'

'I wish you were lynched, Jack, with your



sneers!' broke out the American angrily. 'Here we are, in a hole. Money spent, time lost. You're not a Cæsar, I guess, and Time, to quote our Anglo-Saxon proverb, is cash to you; and yet there you sit and puff at your atrocious cigars, as if you were one of those Pawnees, Sioux, or Kiowas, whose rascally company you liked better than I did.'

'More finished gentlemen than my Red Indian acquaintances I should scarcely care to be likened to,' was the good-humoured answer of Chinese Jack; 'and I have known those calumets of theirs to be quietly smoked at the death-stake. Well, well, Silas, how fared you? If you, with your sharp wits, were foiled, the puzzle must have been past solving.'

'Of course,' said the Private Inquirer, 'my first and best reliance, the trump card in the game we were to play, was Madame de Laloue—Countess, as she calls herself—and at the Russian, Austrian, Italian Embassies, they know her by that name,' added Silas, more respectfully to the absent foreign lady.

'Nothing like you republicans for valuing a title, even if continental,' remarked Chinese Jack. 'What did you screw out of the Countess?'

'Nothing,' was the short answer, as the New Englander's head dropped despondently upon his breast. He lifted it again, and stroked, with one lean, pliant hand, his long chin, while his quick, restless, sloe-black eyes scanned the imperturbable face of Chinese Jack. 'Do you know, mate,' he said, in a changed voice, 'that it has often struck me that you knew more of that foreign woman than you cared to tell.'

'Then you were wrong,' was the indolent answer of the English adventurer; 'for I am as ready to tell you what I know of Louise de Laloue as of any woman I ever studied. She is as deep as a well, and as treacherous as a quicksand. That she has a right to her title, I believe. That she knows some influential people, I am sure. Of course, she is in the thick of this plot. Of course, she wants to feather her nest pretty warmly out of the pickings of the Leominster case. So do poor outsiders like you and me. Well, you tried her?'

'Yes, I did,' answered Silas Melville. 'But it seemed to me, Jack, as if the woman merely treated me as a cat does, that is ready to bring the dagger-pointed claws out of the velvet sheath whenever caprice dictates. She heard all I had to say for myself as politely as though I had just been introduced to her at Saratoga, and—Well, then, there was an end of it.'

'If you expected her to work for nothing'—said Chinese Jack, languidly.

'But it was nothing of the sort,' interrupted the American. 'I took it on myself to make offers—magnificent in amount—on account of Lady Leominster. I knew, of course, through my scouts, that the Countess had been in communication, more or less, with Her Ladyship, though I am certain, since I have early intelligence, that she never once passed the gates of Leominster House. But, in spite of all I could urge, threaten, promise, she was as impracticable as if she had been of stone, instead of flesh and blood.'

'They called her the Sphinx yonder—haven't you heard of her Egyptian nickname? You can't

bribe a Sphinx, or bully one,' dreamily rejoined Chinese Jack.

'If you smoke that poison as you do, you'll lose the number of your mess some day, Jack,' snapped out Silas Melville.—'Well, to cut a long story short, I could make nothing of that odious woman, who, I am sure, holds the threads of the conspiracy in her hands. I suppose she has gone over to the other side; and if so, be certain that perjury will be rampant when the trial takes place at Marchbury. Well, I went down to Wales, and laid siege to Castel Vawr, to the servants' hall and still-room at least, for weeks, and—I must say, mate, that your British helps do whip the world for stolid, out-and-out aggravation.'

Chinese Jack tossed away his half-finished cigarette. 'I should have betted on you, Silas,' he said genially, 'in such a trial of wits as that. Grant that maids are pert, and gigantic footmen supercilious, with a stranger who asks questions. You know the world too well not to appreciate the virtue of a golden key for unlocking the tongue.'

'I tried silver, and I tried gold,' said the American ruefully; 'and beer, which my experience points out as the most magic mode of loosening padlocked lips among working-folks in this effete old country. But at last it dawned upon me that the pump wouldn't work, not because the mechanism wanted oiling, but for want of water. Even among the stable servants, Welsh to a man—and I had down a fellow of ours from London, formerly a groom, and who hailed from Llangollen, to worm information out of them—nothing could be learned.'

'Servants, as a rule, see more and hear more than masters and mistresses bargain for,' was Chinese Jack's comment.

'I tell you, these did not,' retorted Silas vehemently, as he clenched his supple hands and scowled. 'If I failed with the Frenchwoman, it was because she saw her way to a better market. But as for those lackeys and waiting-women at Castel Vawr, the truth of their reticence is, that they had nothing to tell. The young Marquis, after his marriage, and before the doctors sent him off to Egypt, to die there, brought his girl-wife to the castle for just a few days; but even then her sister was with her. The servants declared, with every appearance of sincerity, that, except when the two were dressed differently, they never could be certain, so wonderful was the likeness, not only in face and figure, but in manner and gesture. Then, too, the young ladies had a pride, as twin-sisters often have, in dressing alike; and the Marchioness, I was told, was averse to wearing jewels because Miss Carew had but cheap trinkets for her ornaments, so that even in that short time mistakes were often made—and laughed at, below-stairs. There was a confidential sort of maid, a steady, well-spoken young person, one Mary Ann Pinnett, who went with Lady Leominster to Egypt'—

'And what said Miss Pinnett? Her testimony might have been better worth having than that of the rest,' interrupted Chinese Jack.

'No doubt it might; but there, again, there was a vexatious disappointment awaiting me,' said the Private Inquirer, with a crestfallen air. 'All that her former fellow-servants could tell me was

that Pinnett, who was rather a favourite with her mistress, had suddenly quitted Lady Leominster's service, in London, just before the Marchioness and Lady Barbara went down to Wales, and that nobody knew what had become of her.'

'Umph!' muttered Chinese Jack. 'Rats run from a falling house; but I never heard that maid-servants were gifted with so prophetic an instinct. Queer for an abigail in receipt of good wages and perquisites to throw down the apron of office, and scuttle from a capital place; unless, indeed, some pair of diamond earrings, some unconsidered trifle of a ruby brooch had got lost, as tiresome brooches and earrings sometimes'—

'No, no; not a bit of it,' broke in Silas. 'The young woman bore an excellent character to the last; and My Lady was sorry to part with her—something about a father dying, in Lowestoft or Yarmouth, was, I believe, the excuse for her sudden departure; but, though I tried the Norfolk papers and the local superintendent of police, Mary Ann Pinnett could not be traced, and did not come forward, in response to my advertisements. And with her, my last hope for the moment seems to be gone.'

A curious light came into Chinese Jack's glittering eyes. 'Still hold to your opinion, old hoss,' he asked, after a pause, 'that the true gold is at Castel Vawr, the counterfeit in Bruton Street?'

'I do, most positively,' was the dogged reply of the American, as he rose from his chair. 'I cannot prove it, as I had hoped; but it is for the enemy, at anyrate, to establish her claim. As for us two'—

'Why,' said Chinese Jack, as he and his former partner shook hands, 'we had better, at all events, suspend operations for the present. Well, good-bye.' And so they parted.

(To be continued.)

### SOME ODD INVENTIONS.

A FEW inventors achieve wealth for themselves, more than a few make other people's fortunes, and many die disappointed men, having wasted their time and their money upon wonderful things in which nobody else will believe or invest. They are, as a rule, a sanguine race, and rarely succumb to the heart-sickness that springs from hope deferred. One of them was so sanguine as to patent a device for preventing railway accidents from proving fatal, under the delusive idea that directors would pay liberally for its use; whereas they were as deaf to his charming as one government after another were to that of an ill-used genius who advertised—'To be sold, the invention of a Machine that will divide the Sewage from the Water, without poison; the latter to run away clean.' This invention was offered to Sir George Grey, in 1865, for twelve thousand pounds. Answer: 'The government had no funds at their disposal that could be applied to the purchase of any invention for the utilisation of town-sewage.'

Horses driven across an open country on a hot summer day suffer terribly from the heat, and if surprised by sudden rain, their tender skin is wetted through in a moment, and an instantaneous chill ensues, the occasional fore-runner of fatal disease. Knowing this, Herr Buhlmann, of Frauenfeld, has invented a substi-

tute for the ordinary horsecloth, in his *Pferde-parapluie*, serving at once as a protection against sunshine or showers. The horse-umbrella is provided with different-sized handles, to fit different vehicles, and extends a grateful shade over the animal's head and body, opening and closing at the driver's will by means of a simple spring. All, then, that would be required to make the horse thoroughly comfortable would be a horse-refresher—that is, a hollow bit perforated with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a reservoir in the vehicle; enabling the driver to give his horse a drink whenever he thinks one would do him good.

Consideration rather for man than beast impelled the invention of the Shade Attachment for Ploughs, an umbrella for shading the plodding ploughman from the sun's scorching rays.—It was to benefit man, too, that M. Martin, of the Jardin d'Acclimation, contrived his poultry-fattening machine—a revolving cage with a number of cells, in which the unhappy birds are immured. At feeding-time, the fattener sits down before the coop, seizes the bird nearest him with his left hand, and injects a certain quantity of patent food into its throat by means of an india-rubber hose worked by a pump. In this way, some hundreds of ducks or fowls may be crammed in an hour, and made fit for the cook in eighteen days.

Poultry-raising in the States ought to be a very easy matter, if those engaged in that interesting industry only availed themselves of the ingenious devices intended to satisfy their special requirements; beginning with a false-bottomed nest, by which the credulous hen is made to disbelieve her own senses, and, under the impression she has not laid an egg, persevere in her endeavours to increase the numbers of her kind, until convinced she is the victim of a fraud, or compelled to give up from sheer exhaustion; and ending with an artificial incubator, giving forth such a natural 'Cluck, cluck,' that the chickens hatched by it never miss the presence of a living mother, and consequently thrive just as well as those favoured with proper maternal care. For the benefit of those who combine bee-keeping with poultry-rearing, an inventive genius has contrived a patent henroost, so constructed that the action of the hens opens the doors of the beehives in the morning, and closes them at night, safe against the intrusion of the bee-moth and other unwelcome visitors.

The *Scientific American*, a journal not given to joking, tells us that, pigs not being of an accommodating disposition, when it comes to getting a car-load to move along a narrow gangway, the first to start are apt to decline moving on, and so block the way for the rest. The cattle-yard men at West Albany, New York, have overcome the difficulty by inventing the Hog-bouncer—made by bringing one end of the gangway plank to a firm support, and placing under the other end two double car-springs, connected with a powerful lever and a spring catch. Before the car-door is opened, the platform is carried down so as to compress the springs by the lever, and the catch is hooked. The hogs are then allowed to pass along the platform; and as soon as a block occurs, the catch is sprung; one end of the platform flies three feet upward,

and a shower of living porkers shoots over the heads and upon the bodies of the drove. They are seldom injured, but vastly astonished, and the blockade is at once at an end.

Among a number of patents noted in an American newspaper, we find one that would have commended itself hugely to the author of *The Caxtons*, although sextons and custodians of burying-grounds would scarcely approve of its adoption. We presume, too, that it is meant for a vault rather than for a common grave. It is a simple affair enough—merely an open tube containing a rope-ladder, and furnished with a bell and cord. One end of the tube is inserted in an opening in the coffin-lid immediately above the face of the defunct, the other protruding above ground. Should the tenant of the coffin happen to have been buried unnecessarily, when he wakes from his trance, he can choose between rousing the neighbourhood with the clangour of the bell, and making his way back to the world by help of the ladder. If he does neither one nor the other within a reasonable time, then, by pulling up the tube, a glass plate is released and drawn over the opening in the coffin-lid. For those whose only fear is that they may not be permitted to rest undisturbed, another inventor provides a 'torpedo grave,' which, if meddled with, explodes instantaneously, and scatters the meddlers to the winds.

Not of such a lugubrious nature is the Courtship Clock, of Chicago origin, described by its inventor as a patent compenso-retarding-accelerating clock, for use in families where they keep unmarried daughters in stock. If the young man is of an eligible sort, the retarding attachment is turned on, and the clock compounds with old Time at eighty minutes to the hour, so that at one A.M. it only indicates 11.5 P.M.; and the young woman is justified in staying the young man, when he reaches for his hat, with, 'Oh, don't go; it's early yet!' If the visitor should be of the undesirable order, the indicator is pushed up; and by half-past nine, the clock's hands mark two in the morning, and the prudent damsel has fair excuse for giving him his dismissal. Certainly, where the American manner of courting is in vogue, such a time-keeper must be of inestimable value, and no family should be without one; unless, indeed, the head of it keeps early hours; then, doubtless, he would give the preference to the Lovers' Alarm Clock, which, as it strikes ten, throws open two little doors, presenting to view a little man, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, and holding in his hand a card inscribed 'Good-night;' a hint to the oblivious pair that it is time to cease billing and cooing for that occasion.

Maybe the sex would better appreciate the hair-crimping pin, invented by one of themselves; capable of serving also as a dress-supporter, shawl-fastener, bouquet-holder, paper-cutter, and book-marker; a combination reminding us of the machine presented to Lady Luxborough, of which Shenstone wrote: 'It goes into a coat-pocket, yet answers the end of jack for boots, a reading-desk, a cribbage-board, a pair of snufflers, a ruler, an eighteen-inch ruler, three pair of nutcrackers, a lemon-squeezer, two candlesticks, and a piquet-board. Can you form an idea of it? If you can, do you not think it must give me pain to reflect, that I myself am useful for no sort of purpose,

when a paltry bit of wood can answer so many? But, indeed, whilst it pretends to those exploits, it performs nothing well, and there I agree with it.'

A caterer for those among the lords of creation who have no idea of donning the blue ribbon, has produced a combined flask and whisk—the body of the brush being hollowed out, and a short handle joining the neck of the flask, so that the happy owner may take a nip while brushing his coat in the hall, and his wife be never the wiser, provided he can manage to be absent-minded enough to omit the customary kiss. Perhaps it would be as well for those who patronise 'the most innocent device yet invented by bibulous mortals for the surreptitious consumption of fluids,' to don the luminous hat of another benefactor of his species, 'which will preserve the wearer from being run over at night, and to some extent enable a saving to be effected in the lighting of streets.'

Housewives plagued with black beetles that refuse to be exterminated will be glad to hear they may rid themselves of their tormentors by using the Deadly Beetle Buster, an instrument constructed on scientific principles, and worked by an air-pump. All they have to do is to stop up every aperture in a room but one, and then fix the Deadly Beetle Buster. Upon exhausting the air in the receiver, a current of air will be produced, drawing all the vermin out of their hiding-places and through the air-pump into the hopper, where they may be dealt with as they deserve. Something similar in construction must have been that machine for increasing the draught of a chimney, which Mr Lowell's neighbour put in operation with such signal success. He put the machine on the flue of the breakfast-room, and himself outside the door, peeping through a crack in it to see the result. The first object he beheld was his revered mother-in-law, and then his beloved wife, mounting the flue like witches on a broomstick; and then he saw the family cat drawn backwards across the carpet, vainly clinging with her four paws, and disputing every inch of ground. This was enough for the watcher; he turned and fled. How he explained matters to the ladies afterwards, the American Minister did not inform his amused, and of course, believing hearers.

#### A YANKEE OUTWITTED,

OR THE STRATAGEM OF THE GOODWIFE OF  
HERSTON.

It was during the American War of Independence, when the battle of Bunker's Hill was quite an old story, and the Colonials were beginning to think themselves in a position to dictate terms of peace to the mother-country, that, one fine autumn day, a group of fishermen mending their nets on the beach in the island of Burray in the Orkneys, were somewhat startled by the appearance of a suspicious-looking craft bearing down upon them. She was schooner-rigged, about five hundred tons burden, with a black hull and dark-coloured sails, and, considering her size, displayed a goodly number of carronades. The fishermen were puzzled what to make of her; for she showed



no colours, and except the steersman, not a soul was to be seen on deck. Suddenly the boat-swain's whistle was heard, and immediately thereafter the crew of the schooner swarmed on deck. They seemed an odd mixture; and the Burray men wondered more than ever what the nationality of this strange vessel might be. By this time, however, she had been brought to anchor. A boat was lowered and manned; and a personage, evidently occupying the position of commander, took his place in the stern. The sailors gave way with a will; and before the fishermen could make up their minds how to act, the boat was beached, the crew jumped ashore, and their captain approaching the islanders, asked, in an authoritative tone, who was the wealthiest man in the place, and in what direction his house lay.

The men stared curiously at their interrogator, deciding mentally that his appearance was as suspicious as that of the schooner. They might well think so; for the *tout ensemble* of Fighting Abe, as his men called him, was the reverse of prepossessing. He was tall and lean, with hair of a sanguine hue, and worn in a pigtail. To add to his charms, his eyes squinted both ways; nor did an enormous nose of a Bardolphian hue lessen in any respect the repulsive character of his face. His dress consisted of a battered cocked-hat, dark-blue swallow-tailed coat, ornamented with brass buttons, dirty white-satin waistcoat, leather breeches, black-silk stockings, and buckled shoes. He carried a sword in his hand, while a pair of huge horse-pistols were stuck in a crimson sash encircling his waist. Altogether, the presence and deportment of the stranger warranted the doubts entertained by the fishermen regarding his honesty.

Receiving no answer to his query, he repeated it with an imprecation; when one of the men, plucking up spirit, said, before answering the question, his companions and he thought it necessary to ascertain the name and business of their interrogator. Hereupon the enraged captain of the schooner cut the bold fisherman over the head with his sword; and turning to his comrades, declared they should be served in the same manner if he did not instantly receive a satisfactory answer to his question. An indignant murmur burst from the men, as they glanced pityingly at their wounded friend lying groaning on the beach. The eldest of them, however, stepped forward and gave the brutal captain the information he demanded; adding, there was but little wealth in the island, and he trusted the stranger would be merciful and not deprive them of that little. This appeal was greeted by a burst of rude laughter on the part of the sailors; and their commander squinting more horribly than ever, gave his petitioner to understand that he and his friends might consider themselves lucky if they escaped with their lives. They did not seem to be aware of the man they had to deal with; but he made no doubt they had heard of the fame of Captain Abraham Wildgoose, the New Englander, who had cleared the seas of the cowardly Britishers. He was that Captain Abe; and on board his schooner were letters of marque signed by General Washington, empowering him to attack and destroy the merchant-ships

of the English. Now they knew who he was; and bestowing a parting kick on the prostrate form of his victim, the captain of the privateer put himself at the head of his men, and marched off to the farmhouse indicated by the old fisherman.

In answer to the thundering knock of the Yankee captain, the door was cautiously opened by a servant-girl, quite scared by the appearance of so many armed men. Pushing her aside, Fighting Abe strode into the kitchen, closely followed by the sailors. The apartment was untenanted, save for an old man seated in a straw-backed chair, staring into the fire with lack-lustre eyes. Shaking him roughly by the shoulder, the captain of the privateer bawled in his ear: 'Hollo, Methusalem! You'd better look alive, and tell me where you keep your gold.'

'Gold,' repeated the occupant of the chair gazing vacantly into the intruder's face. 'Ay, there was gold in the bright locks of Bonnie Prince Charlie. It seems but yesterday since I fought for him at Prestonpans, when we made the redcoats run. But there's no gold in your hair, my man.' Uttering the last words with some degree of scorn, the old man resumed his occupation of staring into the fire.

'The old dotard!' muttered Captain Abe; and turning on his heel, passed into the next room, where he found the farmer's wife in bed, her two days' old baby in her arms.

Questioned about her husband, the poor woman answered tearfully that he was from home, and not expected to return for a week. Where did she keep her money? In the drawer of the table beside her bed, she replied. With trembling hands, she gave the key to the intruder, who ransacked the drawer, pocketed the little store of silver coins, and calling his men from the kitchen, ordered them to pack up everything of value the apartment contained.

The farmyard was next visited, and a cart containing poultry and pigs despatched to the schooner under charge of a sailor. Another cart, loaded with furniture, &c., followed in its wake, also driven by one of the rascally crew; and Captain Abe and the rest of his following set off to the next farmhouse.

It is needless to relate particulars of the outrages committed by the captain of the privateer; suffice it to say that nearly every house in the island was visited and laid under contribution.

Towards evening, when the Americans were returning to the schooner laden with the spoils of the last house they had robbed, they encountered a little girl herding a few cows by the roadside. To appropriate the fattest of the heifers was but the work of a few minutes, after which Captain Abe proceeded to question the little lass about her parents, vowing at the same time that he would roast her father and mother alive if she did not instantly tell him of a house worth robbing. He required money and plate; and money and plate he meant to have.

It was some moments before the girl could speak; then she told her tormentor that her Aunt Nancy—commonly called the Goodwife of Herston—who lived in the neighbouring island of South Ronaldshay, had great store of silver platters and trenchers, besides a stocking full



of gold and silver coins. Captain Abe smiled grimly, remarking sternly, she had saved her parents this time; but the chances were, he might return some day to put his threat into execution. Leaving the poor little girl half fainting with renewed terror, he took himself off with his men.

When the child reached home and related her story, the indignation of her father and mother knew no bounds. This American must indeed be a ruffian to take pleasure in frightening a little child. But something ought to be done to put Aunt Nancy on her guard. It was improbable that the privateer would weigh anchor before the morning, and much might be effected ere then. They talked the matter over; and that very night the father of the little girl crossed the ferry to South Ronaldshay, charged with a warning to the people to prepare for the coming of the privateer. Among those specially warned was the Laird of Hoxa, whose well-furnished house and herds of cattle might prove a tempting bait for Captain Abe. The Laird, a stalwart and courageous man, thanked his informer, remarking, that if the Yankee set foot on his property, he should rue the day he did so. The messenger then crossed over to Herston, which is a peninsula separated from the lands of Hoxa by an arm of the sea named the Bay of Widewall.

When Aunt Nancy understood the danger she ran of losing her goods and chattels, she wrung her hands and bemoaned herself. But she was a stout-hearted woman, and soon laid aside her sorrow in order to devise a plan for balking the American captain of his expected plunder.

We must now return to Fighting Abe. Darkness fell before the stolen goods were shipped and stowed away on board the privateer, which fact determined her captain to defer his visit to the Goodwife of Herston till the morrow. Next morning, the schooner left her moorings, and set sail for South Ronaldshay. Having learnt from a passing boat the exact locality of Herston, Captain Abraham Wildgoose steered his vessel round Hoxa Head, taking care to give that bold headland a wide berth, and presently cast anchor in Widewall Bay.

When the commander of the privateer landed at Herston with a score of his crew, he found all the cottages of the fishermen deserted—not a soul was to be seen. Pushing inland, he very soon reached the most pretentious-looking house in the place, which he rightly concluded was the residence of Aunt Nancy. The door stood open; and without the ceremony of knocking, the Yankee captain walked into the kitchen, where a singular spectacle presented itself.

The apartment was completely dismantled, there being nothing in it except an enormous heap of feathers, and beside the heap, what appeared to be a very old woman, rocking herself to and fro, and crooning a weird song, which made the intruder feel anything but comfortable. The plate and money, however, recurred to his memory, and he spoke sharply to the old crone, asking where her mistress the Goodwife of Herston was.

'I'm all that's for her,' answered the dame; adding: 'What's your will, sir?'

'My will is, that you look spry, good mother, and hand over your well-lined stocking, likewise

the silver platters and trenchers. I'm in a hurry, and I tell you plainly it's dangerous to keep Captain Abraham Wildgoose waiting.'

'Waiting!' repeated the woman. 'If you value your life, Captain Wildgander, you had better spread your wings and flee awa'. I tell you, man, there's plague and pestilence in these feathers.' And she stirred the feathers up till the room was thick with them, which mightily troubled the Yankee captain; for the idea of plague and pestilence was wholly repugnant to his sense of the fitness of things. Determined to bring matters to a speedy crisis, he commanded her to stop fooling and hand over her treasures, or he would put a bullet through her head.

'Fooling, forsooth!' retorted the dame scornfully. 'Had you seen what I've seen, you wad hold your whist about fooling. Seven as fine lads as ever you saw on a long summer's day, lay on these feathers, and died one after the other o' the black plague. And yet ye talk o' fooling, when the sickness hasn't left a living soul in Herston except Old Nancy! As for the siller, I sent it across the bay to my friend the Laird o' Hoxa. It's little o' this world's gear I need now, Captain Wildgander, for the plague is on me, as it will be on you ere the sun sets.' And again she applied herself to stirring up the feathers, causing Fighting Abe to retreat to the yard, where he found his men looking scared and crestfallen.

There was a ban on the house, they declared, and rather than enter it again, they would blow their brains out. Even now, the dreadful plague might be upon them; and each man eyed his neighbour apprehensively, as though fearful of beholding plague-spots appearing on his face.

Their captain was as apprehensive as they, but strove to hide his alarm by anathematising the old woman, and declaring she ought to be burnt with her feathers. He did not, however, offer to perform this humane action; and after consultation with his followers, it was agreed that the residence of the Laird of Hoxa should be visited and sacked. After this, the Americans made haste to return to and embark in their boat. Could they but have seen buxom Dame Nancy, now completely divested of her disguise, regarding them laughingly from her window as they rowed hastily away, and heard her valedictory address: 'Gang your ways, Captain Wildgander; ye ruffle it bravely wi' your sword and cocked-hat; but the Laird o' Hoxa and the Herston lads will clip your wings for you.'

Had the Americans, we say, seen and heard Dame Nancy, she might have run the risk of being burnt with her feathers, as their commander had threatened; but all unconscious of the trick which had been played them, they pulled across the bay, hailing their comrades as they passed the schooner, and in answer to inquiries concerning the plunder, said they were going to fetch it.

A quarter of an hour's hard pulling brought the boat to the landing-place. Leaving it in charge of a couple of men, Captain Abe and the others started off to the residence of the Laird of Hoxa. A few yards from the house, they met that gentleman, who asked what they wanted. They wanted everything, replied Captain Abe—money, plate, and provisions, including the treasure of

the Goodwife of Herston. At this the Laird called out: 'Thieves! robbers!' and from behind the barn, rushed sixty or seventy stout fellows, armed with flails, spades, and swords. 'Down with the Yankees!' shouted the Laird, and drawing his sword, led the attack against the enemy. Nor were his men slow to follow. Repeating 'Down with the Yankees!' they threw themselves on the intruders with hearty goodwill, cutting and slashing right and left. In less than five minutes the privateersmen were in full flight. Their captain was the first to fly, closely pursued by the Laird. But terror lent wings to the fugitive, for he gained the boat with eight of his followers, as swift of foot as himself, and pushed off before his pursuer reached the beach.

The boat hung about till she had picked up the stragglers, most of whom had thrown themselves into the sea, in order to escape the vengeance of the Ronaldshay men. But many of the fugitives had received ugly wounds, and it is handed down that more than one was mortally wounded.

Fighting Abe was completely cowed. As soon as he had collected his followers and boarded the schooner, he weighed anchor; and without even firing a gun, the discomfited Americans sailed away, with shouts of 'Hurrah for King George!' and 'Down with the Yankees!' ringing in their ears. Captain Abraham Wildgoose was seen no more in the north; and Dame Nancy's stratagem proved a complete success. Forewarned of the impending danger, she had resorted to the artifice of emptying the beds of their feathers, and under them she had secreted her valuables; and as Nancy used to say when telling the story, 'What could you expect from a Wildgander and his flock but that they should flee away directly they heard mention of plague and pestilence.'

#### THE STORY OF A WEST-INDIAN DOVE.

THE story of the Aberdeenshire wood-pigeon, which was published in this *Journal* on the 28th of April, has evoked much interest. Many inquiries have been made concerning the little creature, which our correspondent in Old Meldrum regretfully informs us has betaken itself to the woods, doubtless 'on amorous thoughts intent,' and has not yet returned to the keeper's cottage. The following story comes to us from Montserrat, in the West Indies, and shows that the almost human instincts of the dove tribe are widely distributed. Our correspondent says:

The Story of a Remarkable Wood-pigeon, which recently appeared in your *Journal*, has been so fully corroborated by my experience of a little West-Indian dove, that I am constrained to send you some notes regarding it, in the hope that you will give them a place, as confirming and supplementing that very interesting story.

We live in the island of Montserrat; and our house is situated in the midst of a lime-tree plantation, where, at certain seasons of the year, we are delighted with the sweet cooings of flocks of little brownish-red doves, which come down from the higher lands to build their nests. At such seasons, young pigeons are easily obtained. It was in this

way that our pet came to us, about this time last year; and for the next eight months it amused and interested us with its wonderfully quaint and curious ways. At first it was very shy and timid; but a few days' careful handling set it quite at its ease amongst us; and its delight at our approach would be manifested by the flapping wing and winning cry, so familiar to all keepers of pigeons. There was nothing about it, however, at this time to mark it out from the many tame doves of this neighbourhood; and it was not until it had assumed its full plumage, that it began to manifest those peculiarities which afterwards so strongly marked its character, and made it the especial favourite of all who knew it.

From the beginning, we accustomed it to its freedom; and as soon as it could fly, we used to take it out with us and leave it among the branches of some neighbouring tree, to test its attachment to us; and although it was surrounded by scores of its tribe, and could not possibly avoid seeing and hearing them on every hand, yet day after day it returned to our house, to be petted, fed, and caged.

Once or twice it brought home a wild pigeon with it; and our hopes of a family of doves in our orange-tree ran high; but either its refined tastes, or its companion's disapproval of civilised surroundings, quashed our hopes in this direction. Like the Aberdeenshire wood-pigeon, it would follow us into the garden; and whilst we were busied with our plants, it would amuse itself in pecking and grubbing at our feet, and would seem so earnestly engaged in its work as not to miss us when we moved off to another bed. In a minute or two, however, it would discover our absence, and quickly follow, either on foot or wing—according to the distance—and having found us again, would give a delighted and triumphant coo of recognition.

Regularly fed at our meal-times, it came to look for its food as anxiously as any growing boy; and if by accident shut out from the dining-room, it would make its way round to the glass windows, and there coo and flutter until one of us rose to let it in, when it would at once fly upon the table, and having made a selection of its food, would coolly settle down to its repast, and resolutely beat off with wing and beak all who dared to interfere with its dish. But the thing that puzzled us most at such times was, how it managed to know the time we were about to sit down to meals; for in numerous instances the table would be set, the family seated, and the meal commenced, without any sign of the bird; when all at once, a flutter in the balcony, a coo at the dining-room door—which opens upon the balcony—and in walks Mr Dove, as sedate and collected as though he had not been a minute before engaged in a mild flirtation with some country cousin in the adjacent trees!

Two or three times whilst it was with us, different members of our family were confined to their rooms by sickness for two or three days at a stretch, and in each case, the first visitor to the sick-room was the pigeon. On such occasions it would fly on to the bed and nestle as close to its sick friend as possible. Nor was this a passing impulse with it; for in every case of sickness, it did precisely the same thing; and no matter how long the invalid remained in bed, the dove

resolutely abandoned its open-air life for the same time, and lovingly shared the quiet and solitude of the sick-chamber; thus giving us a wonderful proof of its attachment to at least three members of our family.

Strong, however, as its attachments were, its antipathies equalled them. A well-polished boot on the foot of any of us would drive it frantic with rage. No matter where it was, the sight of a 'shiny boot' would bring it down upon the offender in a towering passion; and nothing but the removal of the boot or the banishment of the bird could restore harmony. It positively would not stay in the room with a well-polished boot! A strange voice or step, too, would drive it into a state of terror; and if the way were clear, it would fly away into the plantation until the stranger had left. But if its egress were barred, it would dash about the room in the most reckless manner, until one of us took it up and put it in our pocket or bosom until the danger had passed; when it would come out and peck our eyelashes or hair as bravely as though it had never shown the tip of its tail to anybody.

It was this antipathy to strangers which was the cause of its leaving us at last; for when, at Christmas-tide, we went away to another part of the island for a change, and left our house in charge of a stranger, terror of the person overcame its attachment to the place, and after hanging about for two or three days, in the hope of our return, it at last flew away altogether; and is now doubtless the happy parent of some of those young pigeons which are trying their wings yonder, whilst we are consoling ourselves with a pair of young sparrow-hawks, which bid fair to excel our pet in daring, if not in loving.

The story of this West-Indian dove and that of the Scotch wood-pigeon form a very interesting chapter in bird-life, and prove very conclusively the power of kindness to overcome the natural timidity and develop the sweet and gentle dispositions of these very beautiful and affectionate birds; and I cannot but hope that many of your readers will be induced to make pets of some members of the pigeon tribe, and thus enjoy for themselves the many little peculiarities which these birds are capable of exhibiting under favourable circumstances.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE intrepid band of astronomers who, starting from different countries, undertook the journey to a remote island in the Pacific to study the late eclipse of the sun, were rewarded for their pains by experiencing conditions favourable to observation. Telescope, spectroscope, and photographic camera were all at work for the few precious minutes during which the impressive phenomenon lasted. Much valuable knowledge is reported to have been gleaned, and there seems to be some probability of previous theories as to the nature of the coronal light suffering some modification. The search for the hypothetical planet which was supposed to have its orbit nearer the sun than that of Mercury, was carefully conducted; and now we learn from New York that M. Trouvelot, the French observer of the eclipse, has consulted with Professor Swift of the Warner

Observatory regarding the identity of the strange red star which the former of these two astronomers and his assistant saw three degrees to the north-west of the sun. The result is the establishment with approximate certainty of the position of the hitherto supposed planet, whose existence has been suggested to account for certain movements of Mercury.

An interesting meeting took place at the Royal Institution, London, to hear from M. Naville an account of his recent explorations and discoveries in Egypt. It was stated that the Society formed to establish a fund for these explorations, under whose auspices M. Naville has been acting, has succeeded, at a trifling outlay, in discovering the remains of the historic city of Pithom, the true route of the exodus; and had placed beyond doubt that the Pharaoh of that time was Rameses II. Two of the monuments disinterred by M. Naville have been presented to the Society by the Egyptian government. These interesting relics will eventually find a home in the British Museum.

According to recent intelligence from South Africa, the gold-fields now being opened up in the Transvaal will rival those of California in importance. In the neighbourhood of Lydenburg, it is said there are quantities of gold lying ready to be worked. There is no hard quartz to break; for, by the action of the weather, the 'reef' has become rotten, or disintegrated. Nuggets weighing from twenty to thirty ounces each have been picked up in the 'rubbish'; and the precious metal is so plentiful, that diggers will throw away any quartz in which it is seen sparkling, if it gives them extra trouble to get at it. When proper machinery is erected, of course the output will be far greater than can be possible without it; and no doubt we shall soon see advertised innumerable schemes for growing quickly rich through the medium of Transvaal gold. We are led to this conclusion from the circumstance that the facts stated, savour very strongly of the inevitable prospectus.

The dangerous uncertainty attending balloons and their voyages has just received fresh corroboration from the adventure of two aeronauts who have, without intending to do so, accomplished that which so many have tried to do, and failed. These two gentlemen ascended from Courtrai in Belgium, with the intention of travelling perhaps as far as Liège. But they reckoned without their host the wind, which carried them over the Channel, and eventually landed them at Bromley, within a few miles of London. Their journey was by no means without risks, for at one time their position was extremely perilous.

In a sketch, lately published, giving some account of the strange work done by the French Post-office during the siege of Paris—from the pen of M. Steenackers—we learn a great deal about balloons and the useful work done by them at that period. In a space of four months, there left the city sixty-five balloons, carrying one hundred and sixty-four passengers, three hundred and eighty-one pigeons, five dogs, and ten tons of letters and newspapers. Seven of these balloons fell into the hands of the Germans; two were utterly lost, and never heard of again; the rest escaped with their cargoes. Both the pigeons



and the dogs were taken up for the purpose of finding their way back again burdened with letters for the besieged city. The pigeons proved better postmen than the dogs; for while three hundred and twenty of the former found their way home, not one of the latter returned to the city. These animals were well trained sheep-dogs, with hollow collars constructed to carry a number of despatches. The author of these interesting mementoes of the Paris siege incidentally mentions the many unsuccessful attempts made to steer the balloons on their course.

A voyage involving even greater risks than those faced by balloonists, has just been brought to a successful termination by William Johnson, a native of Christiansand, who succeeded in making an ocean-voyage of a thousand miles in an open boat only twenty-four feet in length. This little cockle-shell of a vessel, of the whale-boat type, is named the *Neptune*. It started from Drontheim, in Norway, on the first of June; and after coasting along the land for a little over a fortnight, set sail for the English coast. Eventually, Captain Johnson arrived on the third of July at London Bridge, much to the astonishment of all beholders. For two days he experienced a heavy gale in the North Sea, and on very few occasions was he able to sleep. However, he is none the worse for his trip; and his little boat, which seems far more seaworn than her owner, is shown at the Fisheries Exhibition in company with Grace Darling's boat, the *Eira*, and other small craft of great renown.

Another boat of a different kind has also recently made some sensation on the Thames. This is the new electric launch, the second of its kind, which owes its propelling power to a Siemens' dynamo-machine, driven by storage batteries. The boat is built by Messrs Yarrow & Co. of Poplar, is forty feet in length, and is made of galvanised steel. There is room in it for forty persons; for the whole of the machinery is under the flooring, and does not, as in an ordinary steamboat, occupy the best place in the centre of the vessel. The absence of smoke, dirt, and noise seemed remarkable to those used to ordinary boats; and there were many inquiries from on-lookers as to where the funnel was kept! Such a boat seems to be perfection itself, until we remember the necessity for recharging the batteries from a stationary dynamo-machine, at intervals of six hours or thereabouts. Some maintain that the system would be invaluable in warfare, where a noiseless boat is often of such importance. Such boats carried by men-of-war could receive their periodical battery charge from the dynamos which are now almost invariably carried by such vessels to feed search-lights.

At Portsmouth, there have lately been carried out a most interesting series of torpedo experiments, having for their object the settlement of debatable points relative to the resistance of various breadths of water, the lateral effect caused by the explosion of submarine mines, &c. To one of these experiments we will call attention; for it shows how the effects of torpedo explosion are extremely local, and resemble in that respect the behaviour of dynamite in air. A mine consisting of two hundred and fifty pounds of gun-cotton was submerged at a depth of thirty feet.

Moored at a distance of fifty feet horizontally from it was a steam-launch, in complete trim and with steam up. The mine was fired in the usual way by electricity; and a huge dome of water rising over the spot where it was placed, signalled the fact. But the whole energy of the explosion seems to have been expended in this upward direction; for the steam-launch close by was uninjured, and indeed hardly shaken. The experiments will be continued, and the distance between launch and torpedo will be gradually lessened, until the former is disabled. In another experiment, twelve pounds of gun-cotton were exploded two feet below the surface, and under a whale-boat with a dummy crew. The boat rose piecemeal in the air, and fell to the water in a rain of fragments.

The Naval Exhibition which was so successful last year at the Agricultural Hall, London, was organised by Mr Samson Barnett, a well-known engineer. In the same huge building there has just been held an Engineering and Metal Trades Exhibition, which owed its being to the same promoter. Previous to the opening of this Exhibition, Mr Barnett, in a paper read before the Society of Engineers, gave some figures which quite justified this undertaking, for he showed what immense strides have been made in the various industries covered by the word engineering, since the inauguration of the pioneer Exhibition of 1851. The patents taken out since that year have increased fivefold; and taking last year as exemplifying the enormous amount of work done in this country, we have the following figures: The coal raised amounted to more than one hundred and fifty million tons, representing a value of sixty-five and a half millions sterling. The amount of iron produced nearly equalled the output of all the other iron-affording countries put together. The iron and steel exports amounted in value to forty-three million pounds. The author of the paper further pointed out that a sum of eight hundred million pounds was invested in railways in the United Kingdom. With these figures before him, Mr Barnett considered that an Engineering Exhibition was a scheme which was justified by the large interests involved, and we trust that it has been as financially successful as it certainly was in every other respect.

The power of coolly collecting one's thoughts in the moment of danger, so as to be able quickly to decide what is the best thing to be done, is a very rare faculty; but it was exercised in a most remarkable manner the other day by the railway signalman at Llandudno Junction. He received a message from the signalman at Conway to the effect that an engine was travelling along the line. As the Irish mail was nearly due, he determined to shunt this engine, and with that view put his signals against it. To his surprise, the engine came thundering on, and utterly disregarded his signals. The truth suddenly flashed upon him—the men on that engine must have fallen asleep. In a moment, he wired to the next station: 'Engine coming; driver asleep; put fog-signals on line.' The detonators were laid on the rails just in time; the sleepers were awakened, their engine quickly stopped, and the terrible risk to the Irish mail obviated. How many terrible mistakes in the world's history might have been



avoided, if those in responsible positions had possessed the forethought and decision owned by this humble signalman.

During a hurricane in the neighbourhood of Bologna the other day, a black cloud was seen apparently settling upon the wooded sides of the adjacent hills. Bursting not long afterwards, it ejected a countless number of leaves and tiny twigs, which the fury of the wind had torn off the trees. In addition to this strange burden, the wind had also carried up a quantity of small toads, which fell, a living rain, from the sky.

It is difficult to estimate the good work done by Lord Powerscourt in Ireland, who has for some years been doing his best to re-afforest that country. The system followed has been much the same as that by which, on a far larger scale, unproductive land in Scotland has been utilised. A certain portion of the hillside is first of all inclosed by a rough wall, and in the districts covered by the operations in Ireland, granite for the purpose happens to be plentiful. When this has been done, the natural streamlets are widened and deepened so as to secure good drainage; and where their course is obstructed by the wall, openings are provided, furnished with hanging gratings, through which pieces of rock washed down from above can pass without hindrance. The little plants are from nine to fifteen inches in height when put into the soil; but previous to this, they are carefully tended in a nursery, where they are exposed to much the same vicissitudes which they afterwards experience on the hillside. They are planted in a very simple method by the notching spade, and consist chiefly of Scotch fir, larch, spruce, &c.

The total cost per acre of inclosing and planting is between four and five pounds; and the plantations, owing, it is thought, to the virgin soil, grow at the most rapid rate. Unless any unforeseen difficulty occurs, they will in about forty years' time acquire a value of fifty pounds per acre; but long before this, they will begin to make a return for the capital employed. Lord Powerscourt, who has published an account of his progress in this great and useful work, supervises everything himself, and evidently makes it the study of his life.

A wonderful pedestrian achievement has been accomplished by Mr Ernest Morrison, who, alone and unarmed, has walked across the continent of Australia from north to south. His starting-place was the Gulf of Carpentaria; and Melbourne, two thousand miles away, was his goal. Caught by heavy rains, he had for many miles to wade and swim almost as much as he walked. Moreover, the heavy floods to which the interior of the country is subject leave behind them a viscid black mud, which, however fertilising to the soil, is very bad for the pedestrian. The journey was concluded in one hundred and twenty days; and it is to be hoped that the fatigues and privations undergone by the plucky traveller will not have any untoward effect upon his constitution.

A perfect substitute for gutta-percha, which claims to be far cheaper than that useful material, has been patented by a German chemist. The process of manufacture may be briefly described as follows: Powdered gum-copal and sulphur are mixed with about double their bulk of oil of turpentine, or petroleum, and are well heated

and thoroughly stirred. After being allowed to cool to a certain temperature, the mass has added to it casein in weak ammonia. Once more it is heated to its former temperature, and is then boiled with a solution of nut-gall or catechu. After some hours' boiling, the product is cooled, washed in cold water, kneaded in hot water, rolled out, and finally dried. If, as stated, the manufactured article cannot be detected from real gutta-percha, and will answer the same purposes, it will have wide application, if only for the insulation of electric wires and cables, and for the making of golf-balls.

It seems rather hard that we should some of us have to pay such an exorbitant price for water, which is so abundantly provided for us by nature. The dispensers of this first necessary of life have had parliamentary powers conferred upon them which enable them to charge, not according to the amount actually consumed in any particular building, but upon the value of the building itself. In some metropolitan districts, the value of property has increased so enormously, that the Companies supplying water to them have grown very rich indeed; each share in one particular Company actually representing a considerable fortune to its possessor. How long this state of things is to last, it is impossible to say; for the public is long-suffering, and contents itself with many a grumble as to the way in which it is fleeced.

In the meantime, such an invention as the improved water-meter, patented by Mr Mounteney, is interesting as showing that it is quite as easy to automatically measure several gallons of water, as it is to weigh a pound of butter. The merits of this particular meter are many. It is cheaper than other water-meters, and will do what several of them will not; that is to say, it will measure the liquid when the supply is a mere dribble, quite as effectually as when a large head of water flows through the apparatus.

We have also an improvement to record in gas-making. Our readers are aware that when gas first issues from the retorts it is loaded with impurities; in fact, it is much in the same condition as those little whistling streams of smoke that issue from the coals in our grates, and which fitfully break into flame. By passing this raw gas through lime, in so-called purifiers, the bulk of the foreign matters is intercepted, while of course, in the form of tar, other matters are deposited. Mr Walker of Leeds, who is a practical gas engineer, has patented a gas-purifying material, which consists merely of lime mixed with an equal quantity of breeze, or firepan ashes. It would seem that the action of the breeze is purely mechanical, separating the particles of lime from one another, so that each does a greater amount of work than if clogged together. The system has already been tried at more than one gaswork with good results. The lime is economised, and the almost useless breeze is rendered serviceable.

Colonel Fosberry, in a lecture lately delivered at the Royal United Service Institution, described and exhibited a rifle which had been constructed at Liège on a new principle. It is fired by an electric current from a small accumulator or secondary battery, which can either be contained in the stock of the gun, or can be carried inde-

pends in the pocket of the rifleman. The battery is said to last for two thousand rounds. We fail, however, to see the advantage of an accumulator for such a purpose, as many of the older forms of battery cell could easily be adapted to the work.

A steam-launch made of paper three-eighths of an inch thick, which is said to be proof against a revolver bullet even if fired close to it, is perhaps the last novelty in ship-building. However, the material must be very different from what is commonly understood by 'paper;' for although it was exposed to the action of water for a space of eight months, and was quite unprotected by paint or any other shield, it remained without the slightest sign of disintegration. The boat is twenty-four feet long by five feet broad, and is to be fitted with a Westinghouse engine of six horse-power.

### BOOK GOSSIP.

THE sonnet has long been regarded, for various reasons, as one of the forms of English verse in which it is most difficult to excel. It is so far an artificial product. It is under limitations as to space and rhythm and rhyme, which may almost be regarded as purely mechanical. It must contain fourteen lines, neither more nor less; it must be in the heroic measure—that is, ten syllables, or five iambic feet, to each line; and its rhymes generally follow, with more or less variation in the last six lines, a certain recognised order of sequence. The sonnets of Spenser and Shakspeare are, in form, an exception to the general rule. The highest expression of English verse in this form has been attained by Milton and Wordsworth; while Coleridge, Keats, and almost all succeeding English poets, have attempted the measure, and not a few of them with remarkable success. Whether Mr Swinburne's recent book of *Rondels* will render this latter form of elegant trifling fashionable, remains to be seen; but it is not at all probable that the rondel will ever take the place of the sonnet in the estimation of writers of verse.

These remarks serve to introduce to our readers a little collection of *Sonnets*, by the Earl of Roslyn (Blackwood & Sons), the production of which would seem, from the dates attached to them, to have been a labour of love with his lordship for the last thirty years. 'There is a pleasure in poetic pains, which poets only know;' and the appearance of these sonnets, or of any verse in print, must not be regarded as the culminating pleasure of the writers. The delight of the true artist is in his work, rather than in his reward. These sonnets bear throughout the marks of spontaneous thought, called forth by the particular subject of each, and thus carry in them traces of the original fire and feeling which animated the author's mind in their conception. If they do not rise to the highest standard of sonnet-writing, they never fall to the region of commonplace. They bear the impress of the writer's individuality, and are not mere rearrangements of conventional forms of verse. We shall quote one of the sonnets, not as a specimen of the best in the volume, but as one which strikes us as embodying a beautiful picture of family life, set in words graceful in

their simplicity, and having a certain roundness and completeness of thought which specially becomes this form of verse. It is entitled

#### BEDTIME.

'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid 'Good-night,  
God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all!'  
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,  
Another minute you will shut them quite.  
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,  
And tuck you up, although you are so tall!  
What will you give me, Sleepy one, and call  
My wages, if I settle you all right?  
I laid the golden curls upon my arm,  
I drew her little feet within my hand,  
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,  
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm  
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,  
Paid me my precious wages—'Baby's Kiss.'

\* \*

Those readers who take up *Aldersyde, A Border Story of Seventy Years Ago*, by Miss Annie S. Swan (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), may be inclined to lay it down any time during the first third of the story; but if they do, and fail to resume the narrative, they will do an injustice to the book, and an injustice to themselves. The opening is doubtless somewhat bald and juvenile; but the story gathers strength as it proceeds, and before long the reader becomes quite interested in the fortunes of the two Miss Nisbets, their friends, and their neighbours. Perhaps the one great drawback to the story is the kind of dialect which Miss Swan has unfortunately chosen to put into the mouths of her interlocutors. The Misses Nisbet talk broader Scotch than any modern milkmaid; and a baronet, Sir Walter Riddell, has a form of expression which few Border shepherds could parallel in rusticity. Compared with these speakers, Dandie Dinmont was a thorough aristocrat in the matter of speech. Besides, while the scene is laid in the Scottish Borders, and the characters have Border names, they none of them speak the Scotch of the Borders, but the Scotch of Fife and the Lothians. Those who are familiar with the peculiar locutions and grammatical inflections of Border speech, will fail to find any of them here. This blemish, in so far as it destroys the verisimilitude of the story, will be fatal to its permanency, though it otherwise possesses merit of a high kind. The descriptions of natural scenery are finely phrased; and while there is no humour in the book, there are here and there pathetic passages in which readers may find their eyesight become suddenly obscured with a tender suffusion. The chief character in the story is Miss Nisbet, who represents a power of self-denial and self-sacrifice not so uncommon in life as is sometimes supposed. She is not on this account the most skillfully drawn character; the Laird of Ravelaw is, in our opinion, the most successful portraiture in the book. His native selfishness and disregard of others is by natural processes rendered repugnant even to himself; and his later repentance, his appreciation of the character of the woman whom he had once made love to and slighted, his self-imposed journey to Paris and return with the orphan baby, and his vindication of Miss Nisbet's character as against the detractions uttered by his own unlovable wife, all render him an object of our sympathy and interest, and better

than anything else in the book demonstrate Miss Swan's power of artistic analysis and depiction of character. The story has many of the faults peculiar to young writers; but few young writers are able to lay claim to so many beauties both of thought and expression.

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The very successful Fisheries Exhibitions which have of late been held in Norwich, Edinburgh, London, and elsewhere, have drawn renewed public attention to the condition of our coast-towns and their fishing populations. A valuable contribution to this field of inquiry has just been made by Mr James G. Bertram, in a little book entitled *The Unappreciated Fisher Folk* (London: William Clowes & Sons), price one shilling, and which is issued by authority as one of the hand-books in connection with the Great International Fisheries Exhibition now open in London. Mr Bertram is the author of *The Harvest of the Sea*, a book which contains an immense amount of valuable and original information as to fish and fisheries; and he has frequently enriched the pages of *Chambers's Journal* by his contributions on this and cognate subjects.

In the little book under review, Mr Bertram gives such details of fisher folks in Scotland as will be a surprise and a pleasure to many readers. 'It is certainly,' he says, 'in Scotland (and in Cornwall as well) that the life and labour of this hardy and industrious class of persons can be studied to the greatest advantage, and in some places even yet their daily round of existence rolls on much as it did a century ago. In Scotland, the patriarchal system of work is still largely maintained; in many Scottish fishing villages the family fishing-boat is as much an institution as a family walnut-tree is in France. In the number of the English fishing-ports the mode of business is somewhat different from what we see in Scotland; there is less of sentiment, and comparatively little of the superstitious element; but at Holy Island, Cullercoats, and some other places, the fisher class are much the same as we find them in Scotland or Cornwall. In Scotland the fisher communities seldom receive any accession of new blood, and fathers and sons go on succeeding each other for many generations.' The fisher folk, he tells us, also intermarry in their communities, and so preserve those traditions of labour and the observance of those social customs which have become stereotyped among this order of people.

This intermarrying among themselves is a marked feature of their customs, and 'no fisherman would think of bringing home a "stranger woman" to be jeered at by his friends and companions.' 'The fisher folk,' Mr Bertram says—and we have no doubt that he speaks from full knowledge—'taking them all over, will compare most favourably with other classes as regards the labours of the men and the virtue of the women; their humble homes, as a rule, are clean and tidily arranged, and in some villages a profane word is scarcely ever heard. The hospitality of the fisher folk is proverbial; and their charity at times when a boat is wrecked, and the breadwinner of a family is drowned, is active and unbounded. In not a few of our fishing villages there may be seen in the houses of different families little boarders who have found a home

with the other children of the place, their fathers having gone down in the waves on the occasion of a storm overtaking the fishing fleet and wrecking some of the boats. There is much that is heroic in these communities; and deeds of charity have many a time been done, which, had they been blazoned by the press, would have excited the unbounded admiration of the people.'

This testimony to the virtues of our humble fisher folks is intensely gratifying; and to those who wish to know more of their habits and customs, their methods of working and ways of doing business, their contracts and bargainings, with the advantages and drawbacks of their lives and pursuits, we can heartily recommend Mr Bertram's little work as full of valuable and well-digested information.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### CROWN WINDFALLS.

A PARLIAMENTARY Return just issued shows that during the year 1882 no less than one hundred and forty-one thousand and seventy-seven pounds ten shillings and eightpence was received by the Crown's nominee in respect of the estates of persons dying intestate, or in other words, those who have died and left no Will, and without known next of kin. At the beginning of the year, the balance in hand was one hundred and seventy-seven thousand three hundred and eighty-four pounds five shillings and tenpence. After divers payments for debts, costs, grants to persons having claims on the bounty of the Crown, &c., there remained in hand two hundred and sixty-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds twelve shillings and tenpence. The printed Return costs one halfpenny, and in its present form is of little value to the public. It might, however, be made to subserve a useful purpose by giving in an appendix (1) The names, addresses, and descriptions of the intestates; (2) the amount of each estate; (3) particulars of estates finally disposed of; and (4) a list of estates awaiting distribution. Information of the kind indicated is already accessible to the public with regard to Indian intestates, so it would be difficult to assign a valid reason for withholding like information as to the estates administered by the British Treasury.

Since the passing of the Treasury Solicitor Act (1876), the receipts have been as follows:

	L.	s.	d.
1877.....	127,876	19	11
1878.....	139,769	9	3
1879.....	140,879	3	5
1880.....	56,448	13	11
1881.....	64,827	5	10
1882.....	141,077	10	8

Many persons would doubtless be personally interested in these funds, hence the necessity for the proposed Appendix to the Parliamentary Return. The Appendix should also be published annually in the leading newspapers.

Further reference to this subject will be found in an article on 'Unclaimed Money' (p. 513); but it cannot be too widely known that these estates are held by the Crown only till legitimate claimants appear. In 'Mrs Mangin Brown's Case'—finally adjudicated on by the House of

Lords in 1880—five Italians—absent abroad at the death of the intestates in 1871—succeeded in establishing their claim to two hundred thousand pounds.

The evidence of the late Queen's Proctor as to how these estates are ordinarily dealt with, is very interesting and instructive. The following is the essence of it: 'I take out letters of administration, and get in all the money for the government in connection with the estates of intestate bastards and *bonâ vacantia*. I recommend the Lords of the Treasury as to the disposition of the balance of the effects. The Solicitor of the Treasury is appointed administrator. I am known all over the world, and I correspond with solicitors and the people interested. I ascertain what the effects are, either at the Bank of England or with various public bodies. Mr Stephenson gets in the effects. Sometimes there are large and heavy pedigree cases. In a heavy case, a short time ago, I fancied it was rather a fraudulent case on the part of the party who set up the claim. I got the facts together, and took Counsel's opinion. I went on and won the case, and a large sum was recovered. I have a lot of administrations going in shortly, and among them is one estate worth thirty-five thousand pounds. Occasionally I have much heavier amounts even than that. All these estates are vested in the Crown; they belong to Her Majesty in right of her royal prerogative. When bastards die, there are always plenty of people only too ready to seize hold of their property and get wills made. In one case, there was a Commission to America. It was an estate worth seventy thousand pounds, I think. In ordinary cases, the procedure is this: I receive a letter stating that A. B. is dead; that he had such and such property; that he was a bastard, or has left none but illegitimate relations. I then ascertain the facts, and find out who the next of kin are, or the persons to whom the Crown should make grants, and I recommend accordingly. As regards personal estate, *the difficulty is to find out who are the next of kin*. I take out from forty to fifty administrations in a year. Some are large amounts—one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and sums of that sort.'

#### THE RAILWAY DOG OF ENGLAND.

We have frequently had occasion to publish instances of remarkable intelligence on the part of man's most faithful friend, the dog; but it is seldom that we are enabled to record instances of the animal crossing the seas on an errand of charity. From the *Times* we learn that the Scottish collie 'Help,' which collects funds in almost every part of the kingdom for the orphan fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, returned early in August to its headquarters at the chief office of the Society, City Road, from a trip to France, where he had been getting money for the orphans of railway men. Introduced by Mr Raggett, chief officer of the steamship *Brittany*, to the vice-consul at Dieppe, the 'Railway Dog of England' received in a short time one hundred and thirty-eight francs; on his journey back to England, 'Help' got seventeen shillings and ninepence and twenty-six francs; while at Newhaven and on board the steamer he collected three pounds one shilling

and ninepence. The general secretary of the society, Mr E. Harford, has now on hand numerous invitations to the animal, distributed over the leading railway systems. 'Help,' trained by Mr John Climpson, guard of the night-boat train on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, is expected to be the medium of collecting some hundreds of pounds for the orphan fund during the present year.

#### YOUTH AND AGE.

I SANG a song, when life was young,  
A song of glory, strength, and fame;  
I dreamed a dream, spring leaves among,  
That in worth's roll I'd carve a name.  
The spring leaves darkened; life grew strong;  
The rose's bloom said—Summer's here;  
And clustering duties grew along  
My path, and I began to fear  
That fame was ill to find.

O sweet, sweet were the summer hours,  
And blue the sky which with them came.  
I met my dear wife 'mong the flowers  
Of leafy June—nor cared that fame  
Should pass me by, and onward press  
Her glittering way—the loving light  
In Lizzie's eyes, the golden tress  
Of Lizzie's hair, were far more bright  
Than aught on earth beside.

Then little children reverence gave—  
A something grander far than fame;  
And when we laid one in the grave,  
We whispered low the Father's name.  
Small was the hand which beckoning led  
Our hearts far from earth's glittering wiles;  
Pure was the soul which from us fled,  
To find a home where Jesus smiles,  
And summer never ends.

Now winter comes with falling snow;  
We gather round the bright home fire;  
We feel no lack of fame's gay show,  
For rest is all our hearts desire.  
I clasp a dear, dear hand in mine;  
My Lizzie's hair is silvered now;  
Her eyes with love still constant shine;  
Her children's blessings crown her brow;  
And sweet content is ours. A. W. G.

#### ERRATUM.

The name of the translator of His Majesty the King of Sweden's narrative, 'My First Chamois,' which appeared in last month's *Journal*, was accidentally spelt Carl Siemers instead of Carl Sievers.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

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